Evening Services in the Churches

Church of the Covenant, Connecticut avenue, Eighteenth and N streets northwest, Rev. Charles Wood. "The Delusive Way," 8

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Columbia road and Euclid street northwest. "Are Sin, Disease and Death Real?" 8 p. m.

Second Church of Christ, Scientist, Fifteen and R streets northwest.

"Are Sin, Disease and Death Real?" 8 p. m.

Centennial Baptist Church, Seventh and I streets northeast, Rev. E. Hez Swem. "Why Washington Women Swear," 8 p. m.

Grace Episcopal Church, Wisconsin avenue and South street, Georgetown, Rev. George W. Atkinson. Evensong and sermon, 7:30

St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Tenth and G streets northwest, Mgr. W. T. Russell. Last sermon in Lenten series on "Christian Marriage," 7:30 p. m. Grace Baptist Church, Ninth and D streets southeast, Rev. F. W.

Berge Sisters, singing evangelists, 7:45 p. m. Second Baptist Church, Fourth street and Virginia avenue southeast, Rev. Howard I. Stewart. "The Tragedy of a Queen's Revenge,"

All Souls' Unitarian Church, Fourteenth and L streets, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce. Liberal Religious Union, address on "Nathan. the Wise," by Prof. A. W. Spanhoofd, 8 p. m.

First Congregational Church, Tenth and G streets, Rev. Robert W. Coe. Sermon by Rev. John Wallace Welsh, of Chicago, "The Supreme Quest," 8 p. m. Church of the New Jerusalem, Sixteenth and Corcoran streets north-

west, Rev. Paul Sperry. Address by Rev. E. M. Lawrence Gould, of Boston, on "The Unchanging Ten Laws," 8 p. m. Foundry M. E. Church, Sixteenth and Church streets northwest, Rev.

W. R. Wedderspoon. "Magnificence at the Door of Lowliness, 8 p. m. Unon M. E. Church, Twentieth street, near Pennsylvania avenue northwest, Rev. John MacMurray. "Spiritual Verduns," 8 p. m.

Ninth Street Christian Church, Ninth and D streets northeast, Rev. George A. Miller. Final service of anniversary celebration. Sermon on "Forward-Not Backward," 7:45 p. m. First Presbyterian Church, John Marshall place, Rev. John Brittan

Clark. "The Temptation of Judas," 8 p. m. Fourth Presbyterian Church, Thirteenth and Fairmont streets northwest, Rev. Joseph T. Kelley. "The Trial of Christ," sermon by

Rev. Robert V. Miller, 8 p. m. New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York avenue. Thirteenth and H-streets northwest, Rev. Wallace Radcliffe. Sermon by Rev. Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, president Princeton Theological leminary, 8 p. m.

Fifth Baptist Church, Seventh and E streets southwest, Rev. John E. Briggs. "The Devil's Driving and Drowning Swine," 7:45 p. m. Shiloh Baptist Church, L. street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets northwest, Pev. J. Milton Waldron. Sermon by Rev. Andrew Jones, of Philadelphia, 8 p. m.

Waugh M. E. Church, Third and A streets northeast, Rev. F. M. Mc-"According to Your Faith," 7:30 p. m.

Hamline M. E. Church, Ninth and P streets, Rev. Lucius C. Clark. 'Transforming Power," 8 p. m.

Mt. Vernon Place M. E. Church, South, Ninth street and Massachusetts avenue northwest, Rev. Edward K. Hardin. "An Oddfellow on the Roard to Jericho," 8 p. m.

St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, New Hampshire avenue and V street northwest, Rev. J. J. Dimon. Sermon at 8 p. m.

First Baptist Church, Sixteenth and O streets. Rev. W. W. Mc-Master. "The Capstone of a Christian's Life," 8 p. m. Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church, Columbia road, near Four-teenth street, Rev. Clarence A. Vincent. "Jesus' Minstry of

Compassion," 8 p. m. St. Paul's M. E. Church, South. Second and S streets northwest, Rev. D. L. Blakemore. "The Family of God," 8 p. m.

West Washington Baptist Church. Thirty-first and N streets, Rev.

B. D. Gaw. "The Power of Gold," 7:45 p. m. Temple Baptist Church, Tenth and N streets northwest, Rev. J. J. Muir. "Disadvantages Overcome," 7:45 p. m.

Kandall Baptist Church. Ninth, near B street southwest, Rev. W

"The Most Religious Man in the World," 7:30 p. m. Eckington Presbyterian Church, North Capitol, Florida avenue and Q street, Rev. Henry E. Brundage. "Life's Greatest Need." 7:45 p. m.

Washington Heights Presbyterian Church, Columbia and Kaloroms roads, Rev. John C. Palmer. "The New Birth," 7:45 p. m. Metropolitan Presbyterian Church, Fourth and B streets southeast.

Rev. Paul R. Hickok. "The Gentler Graces," 7:45 p. m. Western Presbyterian Church, H street, near Nineteenth street northwest, Rev. J. Harvey Dunham. "Consulting the Witch," 8 p. m. Calvary M. E. Church, Columbia road, near Fourteenth street northwest, Rev. James Shera Montgomery. "Pins and Pyra-

mids," 8 p. m. Mctropolitan M. E. Church, John Marshall place and C street, Rev. Harry Dawson Mitchell. Sermon at 8 p. m.

St. Paul's Episconal Church. Twenty-third street and Washington Circle, Rev. Robert Talbot. Sacred cantata in place of sermon, at 8 p. m.

Immanuel Baptist Church, Sixteenth street and Columbia road, Rev. -Gove Griffith Johnson. "Life's Greatest Secret," 8 p. m. Metropolitan Baptist Church. Sixth and A streets northeast, Rev. John Compton Ball. "The Greatest Personal Problem of Life,"

Maryland Avenue Baptist Church, Fourteenth street and Maryland avenue northeast, Rev. Harry J. Goodwin. "Why I Believe in Christ," 8 p. m.

St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Eleventh and H streets northwest, Rev. John T. Huddle. Sermon by Rev. G. M. Dieffenderfer, of Carlisle, Pa., "What a Denomination Expects of Its Young People,"

Woman Kills Wolf With Club, Defending Family

SAULT STE MARIE. April 9 .- Fighting to protect her two small children from the attack of a huge timber wolf, Mrs. Ada Cloudman, of Drummond Island, with no weapon but a club, nce and the war office as to the best finally killed the beast, a few days ago, way in which further Red Cross help and collected the bounty of \$30 from can be given in Mesopotamia.

Chippewa county. Mrs. Cloudman was Large consignments of hosp returning from a neighbor's in the and comforts have already been shipped evening and met the wolf while she to Basta. was passing through a clump of woods The battle was short, however, for Mrs. Cloudman landed the first blow struck full on the wolf's head. The animal took the count, and another blow or two finished it for good. Mrs. Cloudman declares it was all done so quickly that she had no time to be trightened.

Mosquito nettings, obtainable for the purpose from the United States, and ice-making machines. The joint committee has also sent to the Persian gulf river boats of shallow draft for the Tigris.

Assert Slaver Diagond Poder

Would Let British Women Teach Cooking to Soldiers

LONDON, April 9 .- Dr. Sloan Chesser, speaking recently at a meeting at the day, is believed by the authorities to institute of hygiene, urged the employment of women cooks to instruct soldiers. Those in charge of camps and here for Colorado, and carried a large many cases ignorant of cooking and When his body was found there were dictetics, and the government had only only a few cents in his pockets, begun, in a small way, to utilize trained women cooks to teach the soldiers. If England could, on a large scale, use good womas cooks, with soldlers working under them, the country would save in a camp where a division is billeted several thousand pounds each

Loses False Teeth.

The loss of a package of false teeth has been reported to the police by George Mathes, a Charleston business Henry Berman, 55 L street northwest. | man. swallowed a bridge from his Mr. Berman, who places the value of he artificial molars at \$25, told the helost them near Ninth and F helicyed to be dying, but in a fit of coughing he expelled the bridge. streets northwest yesterday.

Needed Supplies Sent to The British on the Tigris

LONDON, April 9.- The joint comnittee of the British Red Cross Soclety and the Order of St. John have been in close touch with the India office and the war office as to the best

Large consignments of hospital stores

Among other goods already sent was near her home. The wolf displayed no an ample supply of cases of surgical intention of giving half the trail, and dressings, 10,000 square yards of wire

Assert Slayer Placed Body On Track to Cover Crime

NANTICOKE, Pa., April 9 .- James McGary, whose body was found on the railroad tracks at Hicks Ferry, Thurshave been a victim of foul play. He had left the home of P. J. Haughney hospital kitchens, she said, were in amount of money and other valuables.

McGary had made mention of another person who was going to Colorado with him, and as this man did not show up the authorities suspect that McGary was rebbed, beaten, and probably killed, after which his body was placed on the railroad tracks to cover up the crime.

Coughs Up Dental Bridge. CHARLESTON, W. Va., April 9.-

While suffering from an attack of grip

THE STRANGE CASE OF MARY PAGE

By FREDERICK LEWIS, Author of "What Happened to Mary"-Pictures by Essanay

Synopsis of the Preceding Chapters.

Mary Page, actress, is accused of the murder of David Poliock and is defended by her lover. Philip Langdon. Poliock was intoxicated. At Mary's trial the admits she had the revolver. Her maid teatiles that Mary threatened Poliock with it previously, and Mary's leading man implicates Langdon. How Mary disappeared from the scene of the crime is a mystery. Brandon tells of a strange hand print he saw on Mary's shoulder. Further evidence shows that horror of drink produces temperary insanity in Mary. The defense is "repressed psychosis." Witnesses described Mary's fight from her intoxicated father and hard the kidnsping of Mary by Poliock, and Amy Barton tells of Mary's struggles to become an actress, and of Poliock's pursuit of her and of another occasion when the smell of liquor drova Mary insane. There is evidence that Daniels, Mary's manager, threatened Poliock. Mary faints on the stand, and sgain goes insane when a policeman offers her whisky. Daniels testifies that Poliock threatened to kill Mary and Langdon and actually attempted to kill the latter. Two witnesses describe Mary's flight to the street from the hotel and her abduction by men from a gambling place nearby. Further evidence seems to incriminate Daniels. Synopsis of the Preceding Chapters.

CHAPTER XII. Maggie Hale. HAT is your name?" "Maggie Hale."

"And your occupation?" For a fraction of a minute she hesitated and then answered lightly. "I am out of employment just at present, I was private secretary to odore Barker."

A flicker of mutual amusement shot from Langdon's eyes to those of the presecutor, and the spectators with a whispering rustle of interest forward to stare, for "Texas" Barker was a striking figure in the city.

His millions amassed by the mascu love of "taking a chance" we made him notable anywhere, "Texas" the gambler enlarged that notability to the spectacular, though his constant clashes with the police had recently robbed him of some of his nore exclusive patronage.

To Mary Page alone the name Bark-

And he made that resolution in the face of the twinkle of amused recognition that Maggie Hale had shot him when she took the atand. For all kinds and all classes met at Barker's. kinds and all classes met at Baracia.

and it was with this famous place that without the slightest healtation.

"As secretary to Mr. Barker you must have been frequently at his establishmen."

"How near is that to what is known."

"How near is that to what is known."

ment back of the Hotel Republic, were you not?"

"I was." the witness answered, readily. "But mostly in the daytime. I had my evenings free."

"There were evenings when you were there, though, were there not?"

"Oh, lots!" Her tone was freighted with easy amusement. "Sometimes I met up with a party for dinner or a show, and then we'd drift about to try and bank at the House."

"How near is that to what is known as the 'gray sijte.' do you know?"

"Of course I do. It's at the end of that corridor."

"Can you reach the fire-escape from it?"

"No. There's a fire tower at the other side of the building that you show, and then we'd drift about to try and bank at the House."

"What time did you go in there?" She smiled, and several men in the court room smiled, too.

"Miss Hale, were you a friend of David Follock?" that he was shot?"
"Yes, but early. Somebody tipped me it.""
"Yes. But I could see it and that
off that the air was fresher at a caba"Yes. But I could see it and that

off that the air was fresher at a cabaret."

A snigger of repressed mirth filtered through the room at this hint of the big raid, but Langdon frowned.

"Had you seen Mr. Pollock that day?"
"No. Not since the night before."
"Miss Hale, isn'! It true that you were to have joined the supper party for the company that Mr. Pollock and Mr. Danlels were giving?"

"Yes. But I could see it and that was just about as important for me. Language in a woman that had been blabing too much about me."

"Miss Hale, did you at any time when you looked out at the fire-escape hear any convergation?"

"Yes. But I could see it and that was just about as important for me. Language in a woman that had been blabing too much about me."

"Men you looked out at the fire-escape hear any convergation?"
"Yes."
"When?"
"Well, I wasn't wearing my wrist

BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM

I'd rather—tell it without any names, if I've got to tell it. I'm not keen about snitching on people."
"I think you may tell it as you please. Should it become necessary to reveal the name I will ask for it."
"That's the ticket. Well, you see it was this way."

"That's the ticket. Well, you see it was this way."
Miss Hale settled back in her chair, as though she really enjoyed the interest she was creating.
"Barker knew a fat lot of crooks of all kinds, and he had one pai called Budge Dudley who—wan't all he might have been, but Texas stuck to him because he'd helped him once a long time ago. It was the same with Larry the Jesh. Larry had a soft job at The House, and Texas kept him for old time's sake.

liouse, and Texas kept him for old time's sake.

"Well, that's got nothing to do with it, except that these fellers cooked up a plan by which they were to get a girl into Dave's party. This girl is about the cleverest dip in New York, and she was to lift the jewels and the watches and the money and everything clso she could get those swift hands of hers on, when the party got warmed up.

up.

"It was a part of the game for her not to be seen going in or coming out of the hotel, so it was fixed to get the fire-escape down and let her go up it. When she came down she was to be swung up into Barker's in a swing that is used sometimes to get important people out of the way if unexpected visitors arrive."

She smiled grimly.

"And then she was to walk beldly out the front door. Now this girl—"Sadie." breathed Mary Page suddenly, and at the name of witness paled, and, swinging about, stared at Mary.
"How do not be sufficient to the same of the s

To Mary Page alone the name Barker meant nothing, and the sudden eagerness in her manner was due not to the expectation of a bit of sensational testimony, but because this was the woman she had been supposed to be on the night when the police dragged her to isil.

This new witness was, however, not a woman to bring from Mary anything but an uncontrollable shudder of aversion. For she was of the hard-mouthed, bold-eyed type whose profession it is to make herself attractive to men. She was the decoy of the great gambling hell back of the Hotel Republic, and Mary wondered vaguely what on earth she could possibly know of the tragedy, that after so many weeks seemed no nearer a solution.

The prosecutor wondered much the same thing, and the judge made a mental note to warn Langdon that witnesses whose characters were not beyond reproach detracted from rather than addded to a case.

And he made that resolution in the

and out the regular way with nothing to pay for a wasted evening."
"Were you in the hotel that night?"
"I was. But not at the banquet."
"Where were you?"
"In the ladies writing-room on the second floor," the witness answered without the slightest healtation.
"That's around the corner from the banquet room."

"What time did you go in there?"
"Oh, I don't know—round about 11
o'clock or so."
"Did you look out the windows?"
"Sure I did lots of times. I had to
do something to prevent death from "I knew him; knew him pretty well. do something to prevent death from he was at Barker's a good bit." boredom with my own company."
"Were you at Barker's on the night "It was then that you found you that he was shot?"

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"No. I wanted to, but he said it was watch that night, so I can't tell you the purely theatrical. Then I bet him I exact time. It was pretty late, after would come, anyway."

"Why were you particularly anxious to attend that party—on Mr. Pollock's or not at all, and had leaned out of the standing by the door of the gray suite with one hand on the knob and with though he knew the sensation his question would create, "was that man who "liow long did he stand there?"

"Oh, a minute or so. At first I light suit with a red tie?"

"He was!" purely theatrical. Then I bet him I exact time. It was pretty late, after would come, anyway."

| cxact time. It was pretty late, after midnight. I had about decided that the

would come, anyway."

"Why were you particularly anxious to attend that party—on Mr. Pollock's account?"

"Not on your life! I knew that there was going to be some crooked work pulled off, but I couldn't prove it. I—I had a grudge against some one who was in on it, and I wanted to queer the deal."

"Will you tell us, please, what that deal was?"

The woman twisted her hands together nervously, and her eyes darted among the spectators as if searching for a menacing face, then she said slowly:

"The—the deal wasn't pulled off, and I'd rather—tell it without any names, if I'ment the service is the service of the window to take a last look when I saw the lights flash up in the next wite."

"Were the windows open?"

"Yes."

"Yes.

edge on. The other voice I didn't recognize. At any rate, I heard the lush say:

"Now beat it, and don't you let anybody butt in this time. Stay where I told you to, and for the Lord's sake don't get run in as a sneak. Do you get me?"

"I got you the first time, growled the other fellow. What the dickens has got into you tonight, Dave? I believe you've get something up your sleeve you're not tellin."

"Well, says the drunken voice, 'you've been keepin' a few things up your sleeve for a long time. I haven't had an accounting for that money yet."

"At that the other growls something and they both came to the window."

"Could you see them?" Langdon's voice shook a little in his excitement.

"No, I couldn't see anything but their shadows. A tall one kind of wavering, and a shorter one."

"Did you hear any more?"

"No, Because just then I heard some one laugh in the corridor, and I knew the banquet must be arriving, and I wanted to keep tabs on the guests.

"Did you see the defendant, Mary

suests. Did you see the defendant, Mary

l'age, pass"
"Yes."
"Was she alone?"
"No. Daniels, the theatrical feller,
was with her."

"No. Daniels, the theatrical feller, was with her."

There was a slight pause.
"Now, Miss Hale," Langdon's voice was serious, but deep with an emotion that stirred the bewildered spectators with the sense of something big and important even though they could not grasp it, "did Mr. Daniels show any emotion when he passed the door of the gray suite?"

"I don't know as you would call it emetion exactly. He acted like a man that hears a familiar voice. To come down to facts, he stopped short and listened, and it wasn't till he noticed that Miss Page had stopped, too, that he laughed loudly as if to cover up something and hurried her along to the banquet room."

banquet room."
"Did you see Mr. Daniels again?"
"Yes: a little later. I went across to
the window to get an eyeful of what

was going on out there see a thing, and after waiting a went back to the door." "Yes. A kid was walking along to-ward the stairs and Daniels was

"How long did he stand there?"
"Oh, a minute or so. At first I thought he was going to open the door. Then he shrugged his sheulders and walked a step away. Just then I thought I heard the sound of a window being closed and I ran toward my window. Before I got there, though there was a scream and a shot and I ran out into the hall instead. Old Daniels was beating it down the corridor and Mr. Langdon here was standing at the door of the gray room."
"Did you join the crowd about the door?"

door of the gray room."

"Did you join the crowd about the door?"

"Of course I did. I was one of the first to get into the room."

"Was the window still open?"

"No." The witness was very emphatic. Her mouth shut in a tight line.

"Now—be careful, Mias Hale—are you sure of that?"

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. One window was open, yes. The one to the left hand side of the room, but the other one, the one through which I had heard the talk, was closed. I'm dend sure of it—dead sure."

"Miss Hale, you say you were one of the first to enter the room. Will you describe exactly what you saw?" Langdon moved nearer to her, and himself listened attentively.

"I saw the body of Dave Pollock lying face down on the floor with a dribble of blood coming from under him, and a dead faint, with her face all twisted up, like a person with a stroke. Mr. Langdon was lifting her up in his arms. Daniels was there, and the pretty boy that played the lead in the Page company. There was one of the hotel officials, too."

The memory of the ghastly scene did not disturb her at all. She was as calm as though she had been entertaining visitors at home.

"But you did NOT see, did you, the short man whom Pollock had been haranguing a few moments before?" The question was sharp and direct.

"No. Unless it was either you. Mr. Langdon, or Mr. Daniels. There was no other man there whom it could have been."

no other man there whom it could have been."
"Was the veoice you heard mine?" Speak frankly."
"No. Unless you've changed your elocution teacher." There was a slight n teacher." There was a sligh "It was kind of thick and na

heard it?"
"Yes, But I haven't heard it since."
"What did you do during the excitement?"
"I was too horrified to do anything for a minute. Then people kept push-ing in, and so I went across and took

avoided. Alkalis have a tenanother slant at the fire-escape." "'M'd you see any one?"
"Not on the fire-escape itself, but two men were in the alley staring up at the hote! I could see their faces."
"Two men—are you sure there were dency to dry the scalp, which

two?"
"Yes. Of course, I am. I could see them plain. One was almost under the arc light."
"Miss Hale," said Langdon, clearly

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